Bloomfield

Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Miscellann.

AUNT LORA'S LONG AGO.

often heard, but whom I had never seen out my father. He had left them three Aunt Lora covered her face for a minute, flushing with excitement. She had welcomed me lovingly; we had hours before to ride across a bog, a short then she went on more steadily.

burned in old silver branched candlesticks born." delicate laces, the soft silver hair rolled father's marderer's ?" back and almost covered by a cloud of lace fastened by large diamond pins and floating far below her waist. She was simply lovely, and I used to look up at her from my pet lounge on the soft white rug | wi h the passionate admiration of a girl for the first realization of her ideal woman. To me -insignificant brown mouse that I waswith all her seventy years she seemed per-

feetly beautiful. One night we had talked a long while of the foolish Fenians of the sad, sad story of poor, lovely Ireland, with her desolate cabin homes and exiled children; then it was she told some bits of her long ago.

"I was born," auntie said "in the terrible 98 when the rage and hatred which had smouldered for years among the Irish peasantry burst into a flame which enveloped and scathed the whole country-side. | Centuries of misrule had laid the train ; meas but certainly severe, nay, cruel-applied the spark. The habeas corpus was suspendthe horses of the poor farmers were impreof seven magistrates was sufficient warrant to consign to the Fleet, almost without even the form of a trial, any number of persons found at unlawful assemblies : soldiers were billeted without the least pretence or regard had to right or justice, and the conduct of the yeomanry was in too many instances aggravating beyond measure. I have heard the store of those days from any motheryour great-grandmother, darling. My father lodged a whole regiment of yeomanry here in this old house, with its outbuildings. Looking back in quiet after-years it seemed to me like a dream too weird and dreary to FLY-NETS, have been more than a dream—the quiet homestead filled with armed men, the kindly country sounds silenced; in their stead the clash of arms, the angry voices of men ready and eager to meet death, so that with it they found revenge; the lurid glare of the rebel beacon lighting up the soft summer-night land scape; the ceaseless tramp and tumalt of a camp; the terrible rumors which floated, it seemed, on the very airs of beaven; the news brought in by disguised scouts of the burning, by the rebels. of Scullabogue Barn, crowded with three hundred prisoners, whom they flung back in the flames when they did manage to escape through door or window; the capture of the mails in different parts of Ireland. the burning of the coaches when the bags were secured, the murder of the passengers and guards; the wild excesses of Father Murphy in the south, whose house and chabridge. I will not dwell on this, dear, but at.

child-my sister Meg, your grandmother- you. I was not born then. Three days-a long,

hot, breathless agony of suspense for poor

whims and fancies !" 'It was a bright home-coming. With what pretty glee Mabel ran from room to room, delighted with everything I had done for her! Then the pretty shy grace with which she took her place as mistress. One little happy week passed, to which I shall always look back as the last of real happiness in my life. You know, dear, I am happy now and content, as an old woman should be whose life is warmed by the loving kindness of every one around her, who has been given the abiding joy, which never grows inspid, of being able to brighten other lives with some of the brightness given to her own. And then there is the best and and dearest joy of all-the knowledge that the loves of long ago are kept safely in God's own care; to be mine again one day -very soon now-when I too reach the world where the incompleteness of this will be rounded and perfected.

"But this little week was happy and warm with joy of another kind which I have missed ever since, It was Christmas eve. All day my darling had been busy with decorawhen all the tenants on the new estate were

to be entertained in the servants' hall. "Well, dear, I remember coming down that afternoon. I had been busy writing in more with a slight shudder, while her weary them to live at home any longer. pel the soldiers had burned down; he had my own room; I found the house a bower eyes gazed on into the whirling, blinding vowed a fearful vengence, which he had be- of greenery, the last touch given, and May snow-fall. gun on the dreadful 23d of May by setting and her husband resting before the fire in fire to the house of every Protestant in the the hall, whose cedar wainscot sent outrud- her to lie down, telling her what I believed the wrong teeth came before a Keene little town of Kilcormick and murdering the dy gleams and spicy fragrance in acknowl- myself, that her husband had stayed weather (N. H) Court the other day. The plaintiff, owners. May had its catalogue of horrors; edgment of the light and warmth. She bound at Glenbawn; that Brown Colleen, Mrs. Alice Lovell, being unavoidably abthey were to be surpassed by the massacres smiled up at me from a nest of skins, among the mare he had taken, could find her way sent by reason of having died, her interwhich took place during June in the rebel which she was cosily lounging, resting her home to her stable on the darkest night; ests were represented by her husband who camp on Vinegar Hill, but the horror reach- bright head against Will's knee, and held ed its climax with the murders on Wexford up-two pretty dusty hands to be exclaimed ing remonstrance, command, all in vain; I. W. Russell, special direction to pull

will tell you that late one evening towards | We were talking of last Christmas, she the end of June a weary, blood stained, said, when I had taken the chair Will drew wounded fugitive crept in here with the forward for me. How long ago it seems, news. The tale he told maddened the sol- and how strange that then we did not know diers, even the tender heart of my father each other ! Will scorching in India, you hardened against the torturers of some of and I Christmasing at Glenbawn, auntie.

a hurried call to arms, a midnight march, were nor in them.' ing for him and for many beside. He was many a year beside; that will content me, snatched away her hand and started up. colonel of the regiment, and rode off with little wife. I am sure you were a mischievset face and gleaming eyes which never soft- ous monkey, and I am thankful I did not into the hall, where an immense fire was pool without the intervention of brokers.

ened, even as he kissed good-by to wife and discover you until Aunt Lora had tamed blazing on the hearth. Throw on the yule

"You wicked, unsentimental boy!" "And the dusty hands were twisted in a he is coming-he is here!" I was visiting Ireland and my great-aunt mother-did not bring him back; with the a thick brown beard which was temptingly "I signed to them to obey her, and the for the first time. Her lovely home, Glen- dawn of the fourth came the heavy tramp of near; and so they laughed and chatted, great pine trunk which had been carted bawn, nestled at the base of one of the Wick- armed men; her weary eyes, which had not children as they were, quite unchecked by home so merrily only a week ago, which she low mountains-Sugarloaf. It was the win- closed since she had looked her last on her my presence, until a servant came in with a and Will had garlanded a few hours since, ter of 1867-8, and all our neighbors of note husband, watched a band of rebels march message for me. It was news of the sudden was flung on. I asked softly whether they had moved into Dublin, driven from the sullenly down the hill beside the house, illness of one of the servants here. My first had heard anything, but the men shook lonely hills by the terrors of the Fenian looking neither to left nor right, speaking impulse was to come home without delay; their heads, and indeed the depth of the movement, which was the one engrossing no word, leaving a broad crushed track as but they would not hear of my doing so. It snow must have hushed any sound. They topic in every mouth and with every class. they went through the dew-hung corn, the was settled that Will should drive over, call- said if their master - had waited in Lhad come over to keep Christmas with rosy dawnlight glinting on their pikes stain- ing fer the doctor as he passed through the shelter at the mountain foot till the storm suntie, as my father had been obliged to have ed with dull crimson, on the wide black village, and if he did not bring good report subsided, the horse might make his way beunexpectedly for the West Indies-a hur- banner, with its blood-red cross and motto, he promised to take me back immediately neath the shadow of the rocks that overried journey, on which it was inexpedient 'Murder Without Sin.' They passed down on his return, if I would consent to wait hung the toad, and which must have kept for me to accompany him; so our London the valley and away, and still my mother patiently so long. I consented-would that a comparatively clear track. home was shut up and I was consigned to watched. At last there came the well-known I had not! All might have been-but no; "Mabel had gone back to her window. the care of his Irish aunt, of whom I had uniforms over the winding road, but with- there are no might have beens with God." Now she rushed in, her face quivering and

held a consultation on my first arrival at cut to home-it was not possible for the "I remember all-every word and inci-" "She began tugging furiously at the fas-Glenbawn, and had decided on biding at soldiers to cross it in a body. His brother dent of that evening. We watched Will tenings of the great door. Stronger hands home in auntie's own cosey nest amid, her officers had tried to dissuade him; but, drive away into the gray twilight, and then came to her aid, and in an instant it was home duties, rather than spend an idle win- laughing at the idea of risk and anxious to came back to the fireside until the dressing. flung open, and before any one could interter in unhomelike lodgings in town; so I relieve my mother's fears, he rode off, nev- bell rang, while my pet used every loving fere she had rushed out. We saw the white settled down as contentedly as might be to er to be seen again in life but by his mur- wile to keep me from dwelling too anxiously flying figure flit over the snow like a wraith wear away the months which lay between derers. Weary as they were, a detachment on McCarthy's illness. We grew anxious, -snow-drift so deep and light that it seemwas at once sent off to commence a search as the evening went on, for my servant; ed a bird must have sunk into it; we saw We had pleasant talks in the long even- which lasted till nightfall, when, lying nak- Will's prolonged absence made me fear she the dog-cart creeping slowly under the ings when the curtains were drawn, the ed and disfigured in a deep bog-hole, they was seriously ill. Now and then the young cliff at a foot-pace. Will's upright soldierturf fire heaped up with an oaken log in its found a body. My mother's loving eyes wife shivered a little as the fierce blast, ly figure showing dark and clear against the ruby heart, its ruddy glare striving with the alone recognized in one poor maimed hand which now at intervals swept up the valley, livid back-ground: we saw her reach him soft steady light of the wax candles which that of her husband. That night I was with one sudden gust rushed by to die away and spring up to him; then there was a sion every table and bracket in the pretty "But, auntic, knowing all this, how can wind, we knew it well, and longed that our on as at a scene in which we had no part, quaint drawing-room. Aunt Lora's tiny you love these people, live amongst them, traveller were safely at home. Mabel had until a cry, low, anguished, exceeding bitbut stately figure, with its rich black and help them, as you do -the children of your ordered dinner in her morning-room, from ter, laden with terror and heartbreak, cut "Lora, the wrongs of centuries had mad- which he would return; she thought, too, hands holding me back; I saw dark figures dened them. My mother lived six lonely it would be easier to warm and brighten it struggling across the white lawn; then years after that summer morning when her than the large dising-room. We stood for something was carried in and laid on the soft heart was broken. In life and death she a long while at the window watching the furs before the blaze-something, not Will, tought us the lesson of forgiveness. No, heavy woolly clouds rolling and massing never Will any more. The kind strong tile terrible excesses of '98 are more easily themselves in the livid sky; there had been hands gave back no answering pressure to condoned than the horrible cold blooded a light fall of snow in the morning, enough to the cold, clasping fingers which clung to murders of later years-cowardly, cruel !- to whiten the trees and grass, but we could them, the loving eyes had lost their light; reshoot of the defenceless from a hedge- distinguish the dark line of the road as it he lay beside her not as he had lain twelve Shall I tell you another story? You again the wind swopt up with its wild angry hearth-glow; but it was Will no longer. He we heard of your Aunt Mabel; from the moan, bending the trees in its course and me of your grandmother's death she had hiding them in thick clouds of snow-powder bein my child and darling; your father was swept from their tossing branches; then memerara, and we were alone in the world again the din would hush and a great stillbut for each other, and we were very happy ness fall on the outside world. We watchtogether. She married at eighteen; her ed till I aw my child was growing pale, and

husband was an Englishmen, a younger son, I drew her into the warm room, bright with not rich; he had been in the army for a few fire and candle-light, the pretty rose-colored years, but sold out on his marriage and room, where the shining silver and crystal bought a farm on the other side of the val- of the dinner-table looked brighter still in ures of repression-necessary, it may be, lev. My wedding gift to them was their contrast to the outer gloom. I pretended new home, it was a mere farm-house when to be hungry that she might be forced to Will bought it; but during their wedding give up the watch for a while. We sat down ed; government spies lurked on every side; tour, which lasted for six months, and which to dinner, leaving the warmest seat for Will, they finished by a round of visits amongst and each tried to eat for the sake of the other; ssed for baggage transport; the concurrence his people in England, I had the whole but at every gust the sweet little face oppohouse remodelled and enlarged, made into site me grew whiter, and a dark line began a fitting home for my pet. How I enjoyed to show beneath the soft eyes; as yet the furnishing it, remembering all her pretty worst we feared for Will was a struggle with the storm, while we sat at home wrapped from cold and all discomfort.

"The evening wore on; dinner was remov ed; the supper-table laid, covered with every dainty the little wife could suggest. She hunted up a fur-lined dressing-gown, which he had used when stationed in Canada, and hung it before the fire; then she went back to her post beside the window. having warmed the hearth and spread the table, all for Will-poor Will, who should never more enjoy food or warmth in this

servant, an Englishman, quite ignorant of from the living to the dead. the neighborhood. They returned without having been able to get farther than where the road divided at the head of the valley.

tions and preparations for the next day, but she put away my hand impatiently, and schemes to benefit his tenantry. His crime shook herself free from the soft folds.

"I will not be warm. Will is cold."

"At two o'clock I again tried to induce though no sound came from them.

ing hand in mine, longing intensely for but the jury, considering that it might the best and noblest men in Ireland, many Oh, I wish I could give you those eighteen morning, turning with a sick shudder from have been a mere misunderstanding on of them his own loved friends. There was years, will! It is so dreary to think you the pictures which would pass before my the dentist's part, and that the plaintiff aching brain of Will sleeping his last sleep was dead, thought \$20 about right. from which there was to be no home-com- "You will give me the next eighteen, and beneath the drift, when suddenly she

TOTAL REVENT LANGE DECK

log! she cried impatiently to the servants who were standing about. 'Don't I tell you

" 'Auntie, he is here! I see him!" among the higher hills. It was the snow- lence. I do not know why we all looked which there was a view of the road along through the deep heavy stillness. I felt wound round into the valley. Again and hours ago, on the same spot, in his own

"Something more flerce than the storm had been abroad that bitter night. He had len tempted from home to his death; the murderer had reckoned on his loving heart answering to the call of sorrow and sickness; the false message as to McCarthy's illness had been but a fure to draw the victim to the toils. He had set out on his return journey, dropped the doctor at his own door with a merry good night, and driven away to his death; his murderer only knew

"His wife's white dress was covered with crimson stains when we raised her from her husband's body. She did not faint or cry; she even smiled, a faint weary smile. " Will is so cold, 'she said.

"When we brought her wine, she put it

to his dead lips. "Will first-poor Will !" and even while she spoke her head fell again on his breast. " All that night she clung to him with a clasp which we could not loose without using force, which I could not endure to do. We sent for the doctor; he made his toilsome way through the snow only to tell us what we knew too well already. When the chill late morning broke, Mabel too had entered

into the great eternal sunshine of God."

The next day Aunt Lora took me to the grave where wife and husband slept to-"Lights were placed in every window to gether. The moss, "God's blessing on the guide him through the snow, which was grave," had crept softly, greenly above them. now falling blindingly, darkening sight and The scarlet letters at the base of the white hushing sound. Servants were sent out cross, which told the story of William Forwith spades and lanterns; but unhappily sythe Long and Mabel his wife, gleamed the butler was old and feeble, and the only redly through the holly wreath which hung other man at our disposal was Will's soldier- there, a message of love and remembrance

No trace of the murderer was ever discovered; it was supposed to be one of those all but motiveless crimes which have deso-"As the small hours crept by, the cold lated so many Irish homes during the last grew intense outside the circle warmed by forty years. Mr. Long was an Englishman; the fire. I tried to wrap Mabel in a mantle he had begun his reign well-was full of was having taken the place of an Irish familv, who had emigrated when a long career "And she turned to the window once of extravagance had made it impossible for

A Singular Suit.

An action against a dentist for pulling that-in short, I used every means-coax- asserted that his wife gave the dentist, Dr. words she did not seem to hear. When I certain teeth and not to molest certain tried to draw her away she pushed me other teeth, but he made a clean sweep of gently from her, and the white lips moved, one jaw, and was rapidly harvesting the crop in the other, when Mrs. Lovell re-"At three o'clock the wind lulled, the covered from the anaesthetic and shut her snow whirl ceased. I was holding her burn- mouth. The suit was for \$5,000 damages,

Georgia Grangers have organized a com-" 'He is coming ! I hear him !' She flew pany for the shipment of cotton to Liver-

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